Dark Amnesty

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an opposite pov story

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I awake from a deep sleep, dark dreams of him. I don't see you. I am still half asleep, but can smell you. An ice cold chainmail single tail whip presses against my throat. My body pinned to the bed by yours, unable to move. Your voice growls in my ear.

"Go ahead. Scream. No one can hear you."

I know not to waste energy, I am going to need it. Believe it or not, I feel safest in your hands no matter what they are doing to me. This includes scaring and torturing me.

You would have to know my Wolf to understand what that means. I never thought I could call anyone Sir. Now I can; think of calling you anything else. It comes to me as easily as breathing.

"What should I do with you little girl?" You bring my attention back quickly.

You move the chainmail just enough for me to answer.

"Whatever you desire Sir."

You try to hide a smile. It is a cheat and we both know it. I know this answer will always please you. You sit up, still straddling me. I feel the leather of your chaps grazing my thighs. I am delighted to feel only skin in addition.

You leave the whip across my neck, while you run your hands over my body. You own every inch my skin. Your hands caress my torso, sides, and stomach. They firmly cup my breasts. Your thumb and forefingers catch my nipples. I groan as the pressure increases. It hurts, but it doesn't. You know exactly how to torture me best.

Leaning down, you take one nipple in your mouth. I wrap my hands into your thick hair and pull you down into me. You respond by biting it. I gasp in pleasure, you are amazing.

You take your assault to the other lonely nipple. You have to use your hands to pin my shoulders down. My squirming has become too much for you. Your mistake in only having my shoulders, I am still able to reach up and grab your nipples.

I've thrown you off your mission. You relax your hold on me and close your eyes. I love the waves of pleasure that cross your face. You growl and try to push my hands away, but I hold on tight.

I flick your erect nipples with my fingernails. Shuddering, you need to hold on to me for a change. You can't help but sink completely down onto me as you cum, over and over. Your ragged breath is my reward.

I hold you on the edge, knowing if I let go you will overpower me sending me deep into headspace. You try to rise and I grab your left nipple with my teeth. I have it captured and dare not move. I roll my tongue over it slowly back and forth. You jump feeling all the tiny shocks. I know I'm pushing my luck.

You lean forward suddenly and rip my hands away from their pleasure. I have gone too far for too long. You lean down on the whip, I have forgotten about. The delicious tension pulls across my throat. You stop short of cutting off my air, this is not breath play. You do this when you want my full attention, and trust me when I say Sir, you do.

You lean down in close to my ear again. I am expecting you to bite my neck, but nothing. I have to gasp for air, because I didn't realize I was holding my breath. The wait is excruciating, I can feel your breath against my cheek.

"Please, please, please." I beg in tiny panted words.

"Oh, is there something I can help you with?" The teasing in your voice is agony.

My head is spinning. I desperately need to cum. I am teetering on the edge of sanity. Only you can take me to this place.

"Would you like me to leave you and let you go back to sleep?" Your voice brings me back to you quickly.

"Please Sir, make me cum" I still speak in a whisper.

"Cum." You order me, short and simple.

You release the pressure of the whip on my throat. I scream, arching my back nearly throwing you from me. My toes curl, my skin tingles. My pussy throbs and contracts. I can feel cum running down my legs. I explode into an amazing orgasm, sending me deep into head space, just where you want me.

"Good girl." You whisper into my ear.

My head hangs in submission at your words. Those words bring me great joy. I live to make you happy. You kiss my forehead and pet my hair. This initial exchange always takes the most out of me and you are always so very gentle, after.

I am so comfortable and I could lay her safe in your arms for days. I slide down so that I can reach your hard cock. I gently kiss your thighs, enjoying the smell of leather from your chaps. I run my nails down them in between the kisses. You sigh and roll onto you back, so that I can have full access.

Spreading you knees so that I can make myself more comfortable, I lean in so you can feel my breath. I kiss my way to your balls. I gently take each of them in my mouth and suck them. I run my tongue around them caressing them. You breathe deeply enjoying the worship of your manhood. I take the tip of my tongue and follow the contours of your penis. I enjoy the veins and ridges. I swirl the very tip, dipping my tongue into your slit to taste your pre cum.

Your hand wraps my hair and pulls just hard enough to let me know you are done with my teasing. I kiss down your length, loving the taste of your skin. I can't help myself. I pay special attention to every millimeter of you. I slide the whole thing into my mouth. I use my tongue stud to help me swirl and tease you. I am in a world of my own.

You pull my hair suddenly and I am pulled off of you just as your balls start to tighten. I had you right on the edge. I am shocked you are denying my biggest pleasure of drinking every last drop of cum from you. Your firm grip on my hair tells me this change in events isn't to be negotiated.

"I want you on your back."

I nod the best that I can. You lead me up the bed and place my head on a pillow. You tell me to behave or be tied down. I agree quickly, I hate being bound. You bite my neck, passing your energy through it.

I cum for you. My juices run down my legs and drip on to the bed. My nipples ache against the pressure of you on top of me. You deepen the bite and growl into it, and I cum again for you. My body aches for more.

"Mine." You growl deep into my neck.

"Always." I gasp, you already know the answer, and it is just formality.

"Let's try something new." The chipper note in your voice worries me.

"As you wish, my Sir." My voice is confident, even if my body is not.

You spread my knees, running your nails down my thighs, making me jump. I feel you get in to position, and thrust deep within me. I cry out your name, the exquisite pleasure torments me. My eyes are closed; this is a very familiar act that I enjoy greatly.

The single lick of light sting makes me gasp and jump. I can't move far because I am pinned to the bed by your fabulous cock. I begin to shake when I open my eyes and see that you have picked up your chainmail single tail again. You know I am terrified. Calmly you lay it across my belly and reach for my throat. You place both hands around my throat and I calm instantly. You make me look deep into your eyes.

"Trust me." You beautiful eyes never lie to me.

"I always trust you." I answer promptly.

You gently let go of my throat, fingers lingering along my neck and jaw line. You reach for the whip. You start ever so easily swinging the whip, gently flicking my belly. I jump every time it kisses my skin. You groan, because I am squeezing down on your cock every time I jump.

You walk the licks up my belly to my breasts. You tell me to hold my very large breasts together to give you a better target. I do, and the strokes across my nipples are amazing. My head is going mushy. I am hoping you can keep your concentration as my hot, wet pussy is trying to strange your iron cock.

My pale skin shows the slightest of pink marks, marks that will be gone within a few hours, but oh so delicious now. You begin to thrust deep within me in time to the lashings. You walk the whip further up to my neck. I raise my chin for you to have full access to my neck. Nothing happens.

I open my eyes to see you looking at me. You look a bit stunned that I am offering up myself for you to do whatever you wish. I nod then close my eyes again. I feel the touch of the whip graze my neck, over and over. You very slowly and gently move up to where you are whipping my face, it's more

sensation then pain. You are gently rocking into me as you do.

You send us both completely over the edge. My toes curl, a scream comes from deep within my soul. My hands reach for the bed, my fingers clutching the sheets. Your hot seed pulses deep within me, yet again claiming me as yours. You cover my body with yours. You lean in close and tell me you aren't done with me yet.